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I find myself inept in such stimulating colloquies. The grey cells are alert, but lose liaison with the tongue. A pleasant evening, with sophisticated food, and delaying drinks. Geoff snored after dinner. To bed at 2 a.m.

December 17, 1962 - Monday

Up betimes, to go with Miss Schukraft, at her unalterable hour of 8:40 to the Department. Second highest-paid woman in the Department, she is dogged in her habits, and a jewel as a secretary.

To the White House this morning, where I sat silently in the Cabinet room to hear discourses on India, Pakistan and other trouble spots. Afterwards, I had a chance to be more loquacious in the President's office with a small group.

Instead of lunch, I had my teeth cleaned.

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REVIEWED BY NEL DATE 6-17-81

December 18, 1962 - Tuesday

Up at six, off at seven by taxi to pick up Bill Tyler. Nicky and E are due to arrive tonight from London.

We took off in the President's plane, from Andrews Field at 9 a.m., reaching Nassau two hours later. The wun was shinining, the temperature 75°, when the